

at Wit's end

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at Wit's end

by [Even_If_It_Hurts](#)

Summary

After Bobby slams Buck against a wall, he talks to his doctor about his anger issues.

His doctor, ever so kindly, reminds him that it has been five years since he allowed himself to have a rut. That is, apparently, a dangerously long time to go without for a healthy bodied adult Alpha.

So he does what the doctor ordered, goes off his meds, and heads to a Rut Den.

Little does he know, a certain Omega frequents the same one.

Notes

This is just.... Filth.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

He's been on his suppressants for years. Since the fire. But his aggression is getting out of hand. Hell, he slammed Buck against a wall last week. At work. And he wanted to hurt him.

So his doctor had very politely pointed out he needed to get off his pills and let nature run its course. A rut would help him, essentially, reset.

So he winds up at the H2O.

It's a glorified brothel, but it gets away with things because they only charge you for the room. (The fact that Omegas drink free and are sometimes given generous gifts of monetary value is ... Besides the point.)

It's a rut den, is what it is. And if he's going to go through a rut he's going to find a willing body to do it with.

Problem is, it takes him a while to build up the courage to fucking go.

By the time he slips through the doors and into the dark, loud, filthy bar he's been walking with fire in his veins and his cock thick and stiff in his pants for two days.

He's got a room booked already. Upstairs with deadbolts, plenty of water and food with the option for room service. It's nice enough, dingy, but clean. The bar is full of half dressed omegas, male and female alike.

Bobby can spot the professionals from a mile away.

He avoids them.

There's only one goal tonight, grab the first omega who pays him half a mind and won't charge him for looking and fuck their brains out.

Then hopefully life will go back to normal.

But God damnit does life have a fucking sense of humor.

A familiar scent hits him from over everything.

Over the perfumes that clog the air, the booze, the sweat, the sex, and even the heat scent that's thick in his senses.

He almost misses it, since he's so used to it.

But his cock throbs in his jeans and he realizes what it is two seconds too late.

Bobby turns around to bolt from the place, his room payment and his rut be damned, when he runs right into Evan fucking Buckley wearing nothing but a skin tight pair of red boxer briefs.

Buck has a drink in his hand and a wicked playful smile on his face that vanishes the moment he sees who he's run into.

"Holy shit, Bobby?"

He reaches out to touch Bobby by the shoulder, like he's not one hundred percent sure he's really real... Really there. But Bobby grabs his wrist before he can and pushes him back and spins them around, slamming him against the wall so hard his head bounces and he lets out a sharp hiss of pain.

"Don't touch me." Bobby growls from low in his chest, and despite his words, doesn't let go. He can't. He won't.

He's found what his body craves and he has no desire to let him get away.

"It's okay, Bobby," Buck whispers quietly, just for Bobby while Bobby holds him against the hard surface with an arm across his bare chest, leans in and drags his nose up the long, pale flesh of his neck.

The smell of sea and ocean and sand is nearly overwhelming.

He scents the Omega, rubbing his cheek against the younger man's pulse point, hearing his breathing start to go ragged and not noticing that his arm is pressing dangerously high, starting to lay across his throat.

Buck has dropped his drink and has his fingers splayed wide on both hands against the wall. Not touching.

Just like Bobby had said.

Like a good Omega.

"You have a room booked, I'm assuming." Buck's voice is strained, but still soothing. He rocks his hips up to meet Bobby's even as Bobby is starting to mouth and bite at his neck. He's hard. And Bobby can't stop himself from rutting against him, from gripping his hip and making him hold still for a fucking second.

"Take me to your room, Bobby. It's okay. It's okay, I promise. I know you're not in a clear headspace right now, but it's okay....."

Bobby is barely listening, the fire that's been simmering under the surface for days suddenly given oxygen and raging out of his every pore. He bites down, tightens his hold, and ruts with such force he can't see straight.

He comes in his jeans just like that, grinding against Buck, choking him until there's a soft and high pitched noise of distress.... But it isn't that that takes him out. It's not even his orgasm.

The scent of Buck coming hits him like a brick wall.

Bobby jerks back, slack jawed and furious at himself.

".... Buck, I...."

After a few seconds to catch his breath, Buck steps forward with a shake of his head. There's a red mark on his throat and a bruise already blooming just below his ear, but he's smiling.

"I promise, Bobby. This is okay. Now take me to your room before your rut takes you under again and you knot me in the middle of this bar."

There's a fog in his head as they stumble up the stairs and Bobby thinks they probably should have taken the elevator after he trips up after Buck for the third time.

"Elevator is the last place we want to be right now, Bobby," Buck assures him as soon as they reach the upper landing. "They've got a fan in there for ventilation, but it's not that useful..."

More steps.

More fog.

Buck's perfect fucking ass shifting and moving under his too tight underwear just ahead of him on the steps. He tries to reach for him, to pull him back and get closer, to bury his nose in the dark patch of slick and tear him out of it. But Buck is too fast and Bobby curses, chasing him the last few feet up the steps and to his door. Apparently Buck had gotten the room key from him at some point because while he works to open it up Bobby finally gets his hand down beneath that taunting red fabric and two fingers buried in the tight heat of his hole.

A noise of surprise hits his ears and he bites at the side of Buck's neck, pushes him through the open door.

"Bobby..."

"Shut up," he groans, pressing Buck chest first against the wall as soon as the door is open and tearing the offending garment down just below the perfect curve of his beautiful ass. He presses his shoulder against Buck's back while he fumbles with his own fly, pulling out his still hard length, lining up and slamming into him without any warning. Buck cries out, but the moment Bobby starts fucking into him he gets a hand around that long, pale neck, and leans in close, nipping at his ear as he growls against him. "Should have shut you up like this a long time ago. Every time you were being mouthy, pushing every boundary in the book... fucking in my fire truck and getting the scent of your sex and come everywhere...."

Buck is tight. Too tight. He keeps him pinned there and fucks him hard and fast, forgetting how to breathe, how to speak, how to think... forgetting everything except the heat and friction and pure fucking bliss he finds in the depths of Buck's body.

"Come on Bobby..." he chokes out, words clipped from the hand at his throat. "Breed me...."

Bobby thinks that that is a terrible, terrible fucking idea, but as he starts to come, it's the last conscious thought he has for a very, very long time.

Buck has been with Alphas before.

Buck has been with Alphas in a rut before.

A few times, anyway. He's been... needy lately and found the H2O right after he got fired. Figured he needed the sex he was having to, well, put him out of it a little more than a quick fuck in a firetruck.

But Bobby....

Jesus Christ.

Buck is manhandled from the wall to the bed. He tries to reach out and close the fucking door as they pass but Bobby twists his arms behind his back and growls in his ear again. Apparently Buck isn't allowed to do anything but get fucked, and honestly? He's okay with that.

Bobby's knot has only just started to swell, so when he pulls Buck off the wall his cock slips free, a copious amount of slick and come slipping out just after him and trailing down the curve of Buck's thigh. He enjoys the sensation while he can, he doesn't figure he'll be able to notice it much longer as wet as he is....

But he doesn't really get a chance to think about that for too long because Bobby nearly throws him down face first into the bed before snatching him up by the hips and full on mounting him.

Buck groans as he's folded in half and pounded into before he can even parse together everything going on. Bobby is fast, sharp movements of his hips slamming buck's knees and shoulders into the bed with very little bounce and even less give. He's going to be sore for weeks after this.... his own cock is slowly filling back out, not as quick to recover since he's not in a full heat (though the pheromones he's picking up from Bobby are certainly helping).

He tries to move against Bobby, to work with him, to help him. But he gets a sharp slap across his ass for his trouble, which makes his whole body shiver and clench. The change

makes something change in Bobby too, and he grips Bucks hips tighter as his knot, finally, starts to properly swell.

Since he hadn't been prepped or stretched before hand, and Bobby isn't exactly lacking in the endowment department, he's already been pushed right up to his limits.

But Bobby isn't slowing down.

In fact, with every centimetre he swells he seems to go harder, fucking Buck open on the bulge of his knot. It's an exquisite form of torture, the pleasure of being railed, of his prostate being slammed into over and over is curbed by every bite of pain as Bobby starts forcing himself through the too tight ring of muscle.

He can't breathe, and it's got nothing to do with the position Bobby has put him in.

Buck starts to shake, being held right at the knives edge of pleasure, his vision going blurry as Bobby keeps going. Never stopping. Never pausing to even catch a breath himself.

Above him, Bobby shifts, leaning farther forward, pushing Buck further into the bed, getting a hand at the back of his neck.

Pressing...

His vision starts to fade, and his chest burns with his need for air.

But when he feels the next rush of come from Bobby, the pulse and the heat of it, even as he's still ramming hard over and over.... Buck's jaw drops open and he manages to squeak out a strange form of noise as he starts to come all over himself, shooting white ropes on his own chest.

And still, Bobby doesn't stop. Fucking him through his orgasm, past it, beyond it, until tears are streaking down Buck's cheeks because it's too much.

Fills him until Buck doesn't know how he has that much room to take it all and does it some more.

Buck whites out for a while, drunk and high on pure adrenaline and ecstasy. By the time Bobby is buried deep, no longer able to pull out but still grinding in and unloading more than Buck even thought possible, Buck's whole world is spinning again. He's breathing again, but just enough to keep him going, just enough to keep him awake.

Just enough that when he comes again, in record time and without a drop spilled from his cock, he's able to take a quick, sharp breath, and then cry out as Bobby locks his teeth around his pulse point and clamps down.

And still Bobby doesn't stop.

At some point they fall over to their sides, Bobby still rutting into him....

Buck thinks he sees someone at the door.

Knows someone is there by the way he feels a sharp sting of pain from where Bobby bites down on his shoulder, possessive, territorial, and fucks him hard, grips him around his middle and clings so tight that alone might be enough to steal Buck's breath.

But the door gets shut, and Bobby kisses the mark he left, licks across it, sucks on it.

He drags his hand down Buck's sticky front, wraps his fingers around his cock...

Buck whines. He can't. Not again. Not any time soon. He shakes his head... "Bobby, please..." He doesn't need Bobby to stop altogether, just... not this....

That the first time Buck realizes that Bobby is far deeper into his rut than most Alphas get. WAY deeper than anyone he's ever been with.

In his experience, a couple of orgasms take the mindless edge off and then it's a fun night of fucking and knotting.

But it's been several orgasms and Bobby is anything but coherent.

He kisses and bites and sucks at Buck's neck while he strokes him to hardness, growls and says filthy things as he fondles his balls, squeezes and tugs and promises to breed him up good.

It's the words that do Buck in more than anything else.

Because at his core, Buck is an Omega. Not just in designation. But in wants. And desires. And fantasies. And he wants to be fucked so full of come it takes.

"Gonna look so good fat with my babies..." Bobby mutters as he strokes Buck's cock. "Fuck you all night. Every night. Til it takes. And then do it again. Just to be sure...."

"Fuck yeah, Bobby... please..." He'd do it. Do anything for the man anyway, but right now? the thought of being used, of being bent over and taken over and over until that's all he's fucking good for? To be fucked and filled, swollen with it, dripping with it.

He's right there on the edge before he knows it, gasping for air, for his very sanity.

Bobby stops stroking him and Buck whines.

Bobby drags his fingers up Buck's abdomen, and Buck keens.

"Right here..." Bobby mutters into his ear, tracing the slowly growing swell that Buck hadn't realized was there.

He comes hard.

The night goes on.

And on.

And on.

Buck is conscious of every minute. Every lull. Every orgasm. Every bruise Bobby gives him, every bite and thrust and hand wrapped around his neck.

There are times when he doesn't know how much more he can take.

How much more Bobby could possibly give.

And yet every time Bobby manages to drag him over the edge, find that sweet spot or the perfect thing to say or the perfect angle to turn Buck right back into a mess as if they were in his heat instead of Bobby's rut. And it does, at times, feel like he's there. Or at least on the outer edges of it.

If Bobby ever let himself slip out of Buck's body he might find out. But even if he were in heat it would be the best fucking heat of his god damned life because Bobby's knot never goes anywhere. He stays locked in, keeping him nice and full and stretched so deliciously wide that he actually starts despairing for his next heat. Because he doubts he'll ever be full like this again.

At some point, with light filtering through the ancient threadbare curtains, he slips into sleep. Bobby had slowed down, paused the endless rolling of his hips to touch and mark Buck up every inch he could reach. And Buck falls asleep, drifting. Dreaming. Keeping the despair that he knows is on both of their horizons at bay for a little while longer.

He wakes with a shout, and another thin rope of come joining the mess that is their shared bed as his body trembles head to toe with another orgasm, toes curling tight and legs clenching so hard it's almost painful.

When they miss check out Buck really starts to worry.

Thankfully, once morning broke Bobby hadn't been going as non-stop as during the night. But still, Buck never gets to leave. Never gets to move from Bobby's cock.

From his place on Bobby's knot.

Sometime around lunch, with his hand shaking hard on Buck's almost painfully distended abdomen, Bobby comes again.

And falls still.

"Bobby?"

Buck's voice is broken, dry from over use, from being choked, from being so parched he's even run out of tears.

Heat is the first thing he's cognizant of.

Salt is the next.

Sand.

Ocean.

The sweetness of fresh, ripe fruit.

Bobby inhales while dragging his hand over the deliciously plump roundness beneath his fingers. He smiles against sweat soaked and bruised, pale flesh.

Something is whispered into the room, vanishing immediately into the air that's thick with sex.

A shiver.

His balls twitch and clench, spilling again.

He breathes in that scent, intoxicating in more ways than any alcohol that's ever passed his lips. It makes his head spin and his mouth water.

Bobby presses his dry, cracked lips against the bulb of his omega's spine, gentle and soft. His hands cradle his belly, full and surely carrying by now.

He exhales.

"Bobby?"

His heart stops.

"B..." He can't breathe. Doesn't dare. "Buck...."

Bobby jerks, pulling his head back and his hand away like Buck is pure fire.

But no, Bobby is the fire.

Bobby is what destroys lives.

When he tries to pull out they both hiss in pain, Buck moving back against him and begging with what voice he has - raspy and broken - for Bobby not to move.

That much, he can give him, even as tears start to well up and the damn breaks, pouring down his cheek. He clenches his fist to his own chest and does everything he can not to touch Buck anywhere he doesn't have to.

"Oh my god... Buck... I... I'm so sorry..."

There are bruises everywhere. Red, angry claw marks. Clear indentations where Bobby had bitten down hard enough to draw small pinpricks of blood.

And his throat.....

Bobby can't breathe.

Worst of all, he's still hard. Still aching to get off again and the baser, animal part of his brain is clawing to continue to just take.

But Buck isn't his to take. Doesn't belong to him.

No one does.

"Bobby, stop, please."

Bobby wishes he could, wishes he could pull away - run away - without hurting the kid even more than he already clearly has.

"It's okay, Bobby," Buck suddenly says. But then he's coughing, and what's left of Bobby's soul crumbles even further.

After looking around and orienting himself, Bobby - as carefully as he can - stretches back and reaches into the nightstand on his side of the bed that's full of bottles of water and small packs of salty foods. He grabs a bottle, and a pack, because he doesn't know what time it is, but he knows it was just barely past dinner when he'd gotten to the H2O and it's light outside now.

There are still tears streaking down his face, but he doesn't dare say a word as he carefully opens the bottle and helps Buck swallow down half of it in big, heaping gulps.

With a massive gasp for air, Buck groans. "Oh my god I've needed that all night, thank you, Bobby."

"Kid.."

"I'm gonna stop you right there." Buck grabs Bobby's hand before he can pull it away and clings to him, bringing Bobby's hand first to his chest, just over his heart. "I may not have known how hard you were going to go, but I did agree to this."

"I don't-"

"We passed no less than eight guards on the way up here. If I hadn't been fully on board, I wouldn't be here right now."

Of course Buck knows exactly what to say to quell the worst of Bobby's fears at the moment, but that isn't everything - isn't anywhere near all of it. "This still shouldn't have happened. I have... you're covered in my marks. And I..." his hand twitches. His body aches. Another surge of desire starts to rear its ugly head. He aches to feel that swell again. To fill him more. And he hates himself for it.

It's clawing at his insides and his hand starts to shake where Buck holds it against his own chest.

"I asked for this," Buck whispers into the heavy air. He brings Bobby's hand to his lips, kisses his knuckles, then guides him down again. "I begged you for it, Bobby." Fingers entwined, Buck drags them both down the curve of his stomach. "I still want it."

The confusion from what his brain knows to be right and wrong and what literally the rest of his body is screaming at him is enough that Bobby's knot has deflated. It's not gone. Not anywhere near it. But it's enough.

With a shake of his head he slowly tugs his fingers out of Buck's, slips them around to ease his cheeks open, and pull himself free as carefully as he can.

A rush of come spills from Buck's hole, thick and white and Bobby has to dig his fingernails into his own palm to keep from shoving it all back in.

But Buck doesn't seem to be done making his argument.

He takes the opportunity to turn over, to press Bobby back into the mattress and straddle him, immediately rubbing the cleft of his ass, slick with copious amounts of come, against Bobby's still hard and throbbing erection.

Buck is a fucking vision in the softly filtered light. Chest and arms thick and ripped with muscle, face flush and just as beautiful as always. There are sweat damp curls stuck to his forehead and his bright blue eyes are practically glistening as they bore down into Bobby's soul.

But that vision is marred. Tainted by Bobby. Red, angry marks on every inch of his throat. Bites and bruises and scratches.

"Tell me you don't want this, and I will be the one to apologize and leave. For taking advantage of you being in a rut to get what I've wanted since I met you...." He groans as the head of Bobby's cock catches his rim. Bobby inhales a sharp breath, gripping his own hips to keep from grabbing Buck's. "I will go into the bathroom and call to the front desk. I'll leave, just tell me you don't want me, don't want this," he says, stroking his stomach.

Bobby closes his eyes so tight it burns.

He shakes his head.

"I can't... I can't..."

"Can't do this?" Buck says in a still hoarse whisper. Bobby feels him move, bend forward, feels harsh, chapped lips brush against his own. Tastes his sweet breath. "Or can't say that."

Bobby sobs.

"I Can't say that..."

With a roll of his hips, Buck sinks back down on Bobby's cock, moving up and down just a little to work himself over his knot, and is back where he belongs.

And then Buck kisses him.

It's slow.

And careful.

Tender.

Bobby sinks into it even as Buck starts to move, never pulling up far. He can't, caught on Bobby's knot. But Bobby's pretty certain he wouldn't even if he could. As deeply as Buck kisses him, as long as he stays, the way he holds him, like he's been dying to do just this his whole life....

The tears that fill Bobby's eyes this time are from the overwhelming, almost crushing weight of affection square in the center of his chest.

Buck guides Bobby's hands back up to his body, encourage him to roam and explore and to hold him. Bobby eventually slips his fingers through Buck's soft curls, cradles his head, and returns the kiss with every ounce of desire he's ever let flash through his heart for the younger man pouring into it.

For a long time they both forget that they're fucking, that they're tied together, that Buck is swollen with Bobby's seed.

All that matters is the connection of their lips and the way they cling to one another.

Eventually his need starts to overtake him, but it's not all consuming like it's been all night. This time it's right there at the edge of his understanding, insistent, but could be set aside if he really wanted to.

"Fuck me, Bobby... Like you mean it this time," Buck winks, then moans as Bobby does just that, dragging his knees up to fuck up into Buck's warm and willing body.

They work together, at a lazy, languid pace. Kissing and touching and sharing each breath right there together, building up the tension between them with every movement, every brush of lips, every tender slip of finger tips down sensitive skin....

"Last night," Buck mumbles against his lips. "You seemed angry that I had fucked someone else in the truck," he says seemingly out of no where.

Bobby tightens his hold on Buck's hair and groans, not remembering last night, but remembering that moment so many months ago now.

"I got hard every time I had to be in that damn truck for over a week," he admits, snapping his hips up a little harder, delighting in the breathy gasp it earns him.

After catching his breath, Buck's smile goes wicked. "So you've wanted me for a while?"

"What do I have to do to shut you up, kid?" Bobby asks moving both hands to Buck's ass and gripping hard at the same time he lets the need to pound up into him overtake him and do just that.

Apparently, this is the answer he's looking for because Buck seems to lose all ability to form words as he throws his head back and gets completely lost to the way Bobby takes and takes and takes.

Buck is coming a moment later, a beautiful, if raspy, moan past his red and kiss swollen lips as they hang open in a beautiful curve, long neck exposed and ripe for the taking.

Bobby curls his back and bites down as he starts to come again, groaning around the taste of salt and sweetness as he sucks and licks against his skin, hands clenched into the thick muscles of Buck's ass, Buck's hands in his hair, their bodies shaking together over the cliff and down into oblivion.

As they come down together, Bobby doesn't as much black out as just... float for a while. Buck lays against his chest, head cradled against his shoulder. He's tracing idle shapes against the smooth, pale skin of Buck's back, and, occasionally, their fingers entwine. They share a kiss. A smile.

He lets himself enjoy this moment, for now. Before reality comes rushing back in through the hotel door.

In here, like this, he can pretend, even if it's just for a little while.

End Notes

Anyone have ideas for more filth of the Bobby/Buck variety? There's painfully little of it around these parts.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!